



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

That to attempt to translate Horace is to attempt the impossible is a statement that has long since passed into a proverb, of which no one makes greater use than the Horatian translator himself. Perhaps we owe to this proverbial impossibility the fact that the translator of Horace is always with us. A living, breathing antinomy, he writes a modest preface, then muttering to himself "*nil mortalibus ardui est*," he tries to scale very heaven in his folly, to rush blindly "*per vetitum nefas*." But because he has loved much, therefore shall much be forgiven him. If Horace were not Horace, his translators would be more successful, but surely they would be fewer in number. To love Horace passionately and not try to translate him would be to flout that principle of altruism in which Mr. Kidd discovers, poetically if not philosophically, the motive force of civilization. "We love Horace, therefore we must endeavor to set him forth in a way to make others love him," is what all translators say to themselves, consciously or unconsciously, when they decide to publish their respective renditions. And who shall blame them? For where is the critic, competent to judge their work, who has not himself listened to the Siren's song if but for a moment in his youth, who has not a version of some Horatian ode hid away in his portfolio, the memory of which will forever prevent him from flinging a stone at his fellow offenders?

Now, if to translate Horace be impossible, it is hardly less impossible to explain fully the causes of his unbounded popularity. Admirers of Lucretius and Catullus tell us very plainly that he is not a great poet, but somehow we do not resent the charge; we only read him, if possible, more diligently and affectionately. We leave our critical faculties in abeyance when Dante¹ introduces him to us along with

¹*Inferno*, I., 89.

Homer and Ovid and Lucan, and our hearts tell us that he is, in the truest sense, worthy to walk with the greatest of these companions. We feel sure that Virgil must have loved him as a man; we have proof that Milton loved him as a poet. We deny to him "the grand manner," but we attribute to him every charm. When we seek to analyze this charm, we find that where we can point out ten of its elements, such as wit, humor, vivacity, sententiousness, kindliness, and the like, there are ten others, equally potent but more subtle, that escape us altogether. So we turn the saying of Buffon into "the charm is the man," and contentedly exchange analysis for enjoyment. And yet we are firmly persuaded that no author is more worthy of the painstaking study characteristic of modern scholarship than is this same Epicurean poet, who so utterly defies analysis and would be the first to smile at our ponderous erudition. We feel that the scholar who should devote the best years of his life to studying the influence of Horace upon subsequent literatures, and to collecting the tributes that have been paid to his genius by the great and worthy of all lands and ages, would deserve our heartfelt benedictions.¹ We conclude, in short, that that most exquisite of epithets, "the well-beloved," so inappropriately bestowed upon the worthless and flippant French king, belongs to Horace and to Horace alone, *jure divino*.

But this praise of Horace and defense of his translators fails to explain or justify the publication of the dozen versions that follow. There must be a limit to all things, and the time may be near when some critic from motives of sheer humanity must play a part toward translations from Horace somewhat analogous to that played by the Caliph Omar toward the Alexandrian library. If the line has to be drawn at the present versions, I shall bear my fate in silence, having the original Horace to fall back upon. I may say, however, in extenuation of my rashness, that for

¹ See in this connection the eloquent paragraph in Sir Theodore Martin's *Works of Horace*, vol. i., p. 182.

exactly half my life Horace has been my chosen companion — especially the Horace of the Odes. I shall never forget the evening I first read the "*Exegi monumentum*," and set to work to translate it into school-boy couplets, which won the commendation of an honored teacher, and seem to me now, after a lapse of sixteen years, to be better than many versions of the same ode from tried and older hands. From that evening to the present moment, the desire to see Horace in an English dress of my own stitching has never left me. It probably never will, and I should regret to part with it as much as I should to part with the well-worn pocket copy of the Latin original, which has helped me to while away many an hour on a deer stand and on a belated train. If, now, any reader demand further explanation or apology for the sheaf of translations I am venturing to make public, many of which have accomplished their Horatian minority of nine years, I am powerless to give it except in the quaint words of the Reverend John Pomfret, which are as true to-day as when they were written, nearly two hundred years ago: "It will be to little purpose, the author presumes, to offer any reasons why the following POEMS appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him."

In lieu of further explanation I shall venture upon the scarcely less dangerous task of saying something about the methods of Horatian translation from the point of view of an amateur. So much has been written upon this subject and so much remains to be written, that it is hard to determine where to begin; but I fancy that the Preface of the late Professor Conington to his well-known translation of the Odes will furnish a proper point of departure. Few persons, whether translators or readers, can object to Conington's first premise that the translator ought to aim at "some kind of metrical conformity to his original." To reproduce an original Sapphic or Alcaic in blank verse, or in the couplet of Pope, is to repel at once the reader who

knows his Horace, and to give the reader who is ignorant of Latin a totally erroneous conception of the rhythmical method of the poet. To render a compressed Latin verse by a diffuse English one is, as Conington points out, to do injustice to the sententiousness for which Horace is justly celebrated. To translate Horace, except on occasions, into anything but quatrains, is also to handicap one's reader heavily from the metrical point of view. It seems to me, however, that when Professor Conington insisted that an English measure once adopted for the Alcaic must be used for every ode in which Horace employed the latter stanza, he went far toward handicapping the translator, who, after all, has his rights. That such uniformity ought to be aimed at, and will be aimed at, is doubtless true; but there is one element of the problem with which Professor Conington did not sufficiently reckon. This is rhyme, which he assumes to be necessary at present to a successful rendition of an Horatian ode. A uniform rhymeless stanza can probably be applied to all odes in a particular measure without any special loss resulting. But this can hardly be the case with a rhyming stanza, if the translator aim, as he should do, at a fairly, though not meticulously, literal rendering of his original. There will necessarily be coincidences of sound in a literal prose version of a Latin stanza that will suggest a particular arrangement of rhymes for a poetical version. To adopt a uniform English stanza is to do away with this natural advantage, which presents itself to the translator oftener than might be supposed.

A concrete example will suffice to make my meaning clear. The second ode of the First Book, the well-known "*Sic te diva potens Cypri*," is in what is called the Second Asclepiad metre; so is the delightful "*Donec gratus eram tibi*" (iii., 9), of which I venture to give a version. We will assume that the translator has chosen for the "*Sic te diva*," a quatrain with alternating rhymes. Following Professor Conington's rule of uniformity, he must employ the same stanza for the "*Donec gratus eram*," which, by the way,

Conington did not do for reasons he explained at length. Now the sixth stanza of the latter ode runs as follows :

“ Quid si prisca redit Venus
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo,
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectaeque patet janua Lydiae.”

This may be translated :

“ What if the former love return and join with brazen yoke the parted ones, if yellow-haired Chloë be shaken off, and the door stand open for rejected Lydia ? ”

If my memory does not deceive me, it was this stanza, and especially one word in its last verse, that determined the arrangement of rhymes in the version I attempted years ago, “ Consule Planco.” This verse seemed to run inevitably into

“ And open stand for Lydia the *door*.”

It needed but a moment to detect in the first verse of the stanza a sufficient rhyme. The syllable *re* of *reducit* furnished *more*, not perhaps the most apt of rhymes with *door*, but still sufficient, as things go with translators, and with a pardonable tautology I wrote—

“ What if the former love once more
Return—”

Two other rhymes were found with little difficulty in the *di* of *diductos* and in *excutitur*, which suggested *wide* and *cast aside*, and the whole stanza appeared, omitting strictly metrical considerations, as follows :

“ What if the former love once more
Return and yoke the lovers parted wide,
If Chloë, yellow-haired, be cast aside,
And open stand for Lydia the door ? ”

This stanza certainly had the merit of literalness—it omitted only the two rather unessential epithets *aëneo* and *rejectae*—and I thought it had some merits of rhythm and diction. So I took it as a model, and, with little difficulty, translated

the remainder of the ode — with what success I must leave others to determine.

This example, with many more, has confirmed me in my belief not only that uniformity of measure is not to be strictly insisted upon in the case of rhyming stanzas, but also that translators should search more thoroughly than they seem to do, for what I may call the rhyme suggestions that are implicit in so many Horatian stanzas. I am convinced that any translator who, having adopted a quatrain with alternating rhymes for the "*Sec te diva*," should persist in rejecting a quatrain with internal rhymes for the "*Donc gratulus eram*," simply because he was bent on preserving uniformity, would be hampering himself and doing an injustice to his original.

Upon other points it is easier to agree with Professor Conington. For a majority of the odes, the iambic movement, which is natural to English, is preferable. This Milton seems to have seen, his disuse of rhyme in his celebrated version of the "*Quis multa gracilis*," having given him an opportunity for experiment in logæædic verse, of which he did not avail himself. Here, too, however, I must plead for a careful study of each ode by the translator, for I think that there are cases in which it would be almost disastrous to attempt an iambic rendering. Such a case is presented, perhaps, by the "*Diffugere nives*" (iv., 7). The iambic renderings of Professor Conington and Sir Theodore Martin seem to me to stray far from the original movement — as far as the former's:

"‘No ’scaping death’ proclaims the year,"

does from the diction of Horace or of any other poet. This is the single case in which I have allowed myself to transfer, as far as I could, the Latin movement to my English rendering. English dactyls are dangerous things, especially in translations, where the padding or "packing" which is natural to them, is increased by the padding natural to a translation from a synthetic into an analytic language. But

the dactylic movement of the First Archilochian, in which the "*Diffugere nives*" is written, is hardly to be transferred into English iambics at all. It presents more difficulty than the transference of the movement of hexameters proper into our blank verse.

Where the translator, however, makes up his mind to attempt a close approximation to the classical metre, I am of the opinion that he should eschew the use of rhyme as too foreign to his original. But, since the use of rhyme seems, as Conington holds, to be essential at present, if the English version is to be acceptable as poetry, this close approximation can be desirable in a few special cases only. It will not do to dogmatize on such matters, but it may be safely said that no poet has yet accustomed the English ear to the use of rhymeless verse in lyrical poetry. What some future master may accomplish is another matter. Here and there a successful example of a rhymeless lyric like Collins' famous "Ode to Evening," and Tennyson's *Alcaics on Milton*, shows us that rhymeless stanzas may be used in a lyric with great effect; but so far the translators of Horace that have eschewed rhyme have failed as a rule, like the late Lord Lytton, to give us versions that charm. Yet charm is what they should chiefly endeavor to convey.

I am still more positive that Professor Conington is right when he insists that the English should be confined "within the same number of lines as the Latin." He is surely right when he taxes Sir Theodore Martin, who so frequently violates this rule, with an exuberance that is totally at variance with the severity of the classics. This exuberance is almost sure to result if the translator abandon the strict number of the lines into which Horace has compressed his thought. It results, too, from a division into stanzas of over four verses. There is no rule of translation that will so effectively insure a successful retention of the diction of the original as this of the line for line rendering. And that this diction and the thought of the poet should be more closely followed than is usually the case, admits of no manner

of doubt. I have already maintained that a close scrutiny of the original will often suggest an almost literal rendering of the thought and diction. This literal rendering is naturally more desired by the reader who is familiar with Horace than by the reader who is not, but it will be both pleasing and serviceable to the latter, if not too slavishly obtained. Metrical considerations and general smoothness ought to weigh with every translator, but they ought not to outweigh accurate rendering of diction and thought. In this connection I am not at all sure that Conington does not go too far when he recommends the Horatian translator to hold by the diction of our own Augustan period. That the age of Pope corresponds in many respects to that of Horace is, of course, true enough, and the student of eighteenth century English poetry is almost sure to be an admirer of the Roman bard so fashionable at the time. But Horace's diction does not strike us as stilted, while Pope's does ; and for a modern translator to indulge in stilted diction is fatal not only to the intrinsic value of his work, but also to its popularity and hence to its present effectiveness. There is a good deal, too, about our poetry of the eighteenth century that is little short of commonplace ; but commonplace the translator of Horace can least afford to be. Horace may approach dangerously near the commonplace, yet he always misses it by a dexterous and graceful turn. The translator, running after, will miss this turn often enough as it is ; he cannot, therefore, afford to steep himself in a literature that has a tendency to the commonplace.

To mention the eighteenth century and Horace is to bring up the thought of Horatian paraphrases. A successful paraphrase is oftentimes better as poetry than a good poetical translation, and not infrequently gives a better idea of Horace's spirit. It is almost needless to praise the work in this kind of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Eugene Field. But a paraphrase, however good, can never be entirely satisfying either to the reader that knows Horace or to the reader that desires to know him. Nor can a prose version be

thoroughly satisfactory. What is wanted is not merely the drift of the poet's thought, but what he actually sung. The paraphrase may sing, and the prose version may give us the thought in nearly equivalent words, but neither answers our desires as well as a good poetical translation. Yet there is surely room for these three methods of rendering.

But one could write forever upon the topic of poetical translation in general, and of Horatian translation in particular. It is a subject about which people will differ to the end of time — a subject the principles of which will never be exemplified in practice. Still it is fascinating and its discussion, even in brief compass, is seldom without some value. It is not so fascinating, however, as the making of the translations themselves; but I do not suppose that any one minds as much having his opinions on such a subject roughly handled as having a similar treatment applied to those more concrete children of his brain — his literary, and especially, his poetical experiments. Perhaps this is the reason why I have indulged in a prefatory essay in which I have mixed up praise of Horace with my ideas on the subject of poetical translation. I was anxious to keep the critics away from their proper prey as long as possible. But the anxiety, though natural, is idle, and the versions may as well be brought to light without further parley.¹ One explanatory statement may, however, be made, and that is, that I have not consciously been influenced by any previously read version, nor have I deliberately altered a line in order to get the advantage of another translator's success. The renderings, such as they are, represent much painstaking labor and still greater love for a poet to whom I am tempted to apply the noble verses of Dante to Virgil:—

“O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,
Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.”²

¹ For special reasons the translations were set up and worked off before the prose portion of this article, and I regret to observe that, in the confusing process, an extra *n* has several times intruded itself into Professor Conington's name.

² *Inferno*, I., 82-84.

LIB. I., CARM. V.

TO PYRRHA.¹

What graceful, perfumed youth on many a rose,
 'Neath pleasant grotto, doth with thee repose,
 Pyrrha? For whom thy tawny hair
 Dost bind — so simply fair

In thy adornment? Ah! how oft shall he
 Weep his changed gods and faith, and at the sea
 Wonder — which, all unused, he finds
 Ruffled with angry winds —

Who, fond, enjoys the golden prize of thee,
 And hopes thee ever loving, ever free
 To have — of breeze deceitful aye
 Unweeting. Wretched they

For whom thou shin'st untried! Yon tablet set
 On sacred wall proclaims that garments wet
 I have suspended there to please
 The god that rules the seas.

LIB. I., CARM. VIII.

TO LYDIA.

By all the gods, O Lydia, say
 Why thou dost haste by loving to impair
 Thy Sybaris! Why does he stray
 The open green, who dust and sun can bear?

¹ Sir Theodore Martin (I., cvii) regards Milton's translation of this ode as "overrated" and evidently prefers the version of Mr. Mortimer Harris which, though pretty, is far too diffuse. I still retain my admiration for Milton's rendering although I am unable to appreciate his often quoted phrase, "Plain in thy neatness." Mr. Harris, by the way, takes *fidem* as though it referred to Pyrrha's faithlessness instead of to the "graceful youth's" betrayed confidence — a view which Martin seems to share, but which has little to recommend it.

Why, ripe for arms, should he refrain
To gallop with his peers, or why to guide
His Gallic steeds with bit and rein?
Why fears he Tiber's tawny waves to ride?
The olive wherefore does he shun
More cautiously than viper's blood, I ween?
And why are not his limbs who won
The prize at throwing disk and dart, now seen
Livid with arms! Why does he hide
Like Thetis' son, ere Troy-town felt the brands,
Lest, thro' his manly garb descried,
He should be dragged to death 'mid Lycian bands?

LIB. I., CARM. XI.

TO LEUCONOE.¹

Thou must not ask, Leuconoë, for it is wrong to know,
What end the gods have given me or thee, nor must thou go
To Babylonian numbers.² How much better to endure
Whatever shall be, whether Jove more winters doth assure,
Or this the last makes that doth now with pumice rocks
oppose
The Tyrrhene sea. Be wise and strain thy wines and
quickly close
Thy long-drawn hope. Lo! while we speak, flies grudging
Time away:
Then pluck to-day, to-morrow trust as little as one may!

¹ Martin's rendering of this ode is intolerably diffuse, although in some respects a pretty paraphrase. Far better is Connington's version in the measure of "Locksley Hall," which, however, bears that close resemblance to Tennyson's style which Connington faults in others.

² That is, Do not consult the astrologers.

LIB. I., CARM. XXI.

ON DIANA AND APOLLO.

Ye tender maids, Diana's praises ring,
 Ye youths, likewise, of unshorn Cynthius sing,
 And of Latona, the true love
 Of Jupiter above.

Ye girls, praise her that joys in streams and locks
 Of groves, or what from Algidus' cold rocks,
 Or Erymanthus' woods is seen,
 Or those of Cragus green.

Ye boys, to equal glory Tempe raise,
 And Delos, birthplace of Apollo, praise ;
 His shoulder, too, by quiver known
 And lyre fraternal thrown

About. He famine dire and tearful war
 And plagues from Cæsar, chief, and people far,
 To Britons and to Medes will bear,
 Affected by your prayer.

LIB. I., CARM. XXII.

TO FUSCUS.

He that is sound in life and pure in deed,
 Of Moorish javelins hath little need,
 Of quiver freighted with the venom'd reed,
 Nor, Fuscus, of the bow.

Whether his way thro' heated Syrtes lie,
 Or thro' the dark inhospitality
 Of Caucasus, or else the lands whereby
 Hydaspes' waves do flow.

For me a wolf met once in Sabine grove,
When, singing of the Lalage I love,
My cares thrown off, I from my bounds did rove,
And me, defenceless, fled.

Of warlike Daunia not the forests grand
Of spreading oaks — nor ever yet the strand
Of that parched nurse of lions,¹ Juba's land,
Hath such a portent bred.

Place me 'mid sluggish fields where not a tree
May by the torrid breezes freshened be,
Or wheresoever rules the inclemency
Of mists and frowning Jove —

Place me beneath the all-too-neighboring heat
Of Sol's bright car, in lands for homes unmeet;
My Lalage that smiles and prattles sweet,
I none the less shall love.

LIB. I., CARM. XXIII.

TO CHLOE.²

Thou shun'st me, Chloë, like a hind that presses
Her steps to track 'mid mountain wildernesses
Her timid dam, nor is without vain dread
Of forests and the breezes overhead.

For whether Spring's approach hath sent a shiver
Thorough the mobile leaves, or all a-quiver
The bramble hath been set by lizards green,
She in her every limb to quake is seen.

¹ So Martin, in one of the best of his translations—best, chiefly because he confines himself to a line for line rendering.

² It is scarcely necessary to call attention to Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful paraphrase of this ode as well as of that on the Bandusian Fountain —

But not like tigress rough do I pursue thee,
 Nor fierce Gaetolian lion, to undo thee ;
 Cease, then, upon thy mother still to wait,
 Already worthy to receive a mate.

LIB. I., CARM. XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

To longing for so dear a head what choice
 Of limit or what shame? Songs sad and grave
 Teach, then, Melpomene, whose liquid voice
 The Father with the cither gave.

Lo ! now doth a perpetual slumber bind
 Quinctilius. Ah ! when of such a youth
 Shall Faith unbroken, Sister of Justice, find
 The like, or Shame, or naked Truth?

He perisheth, wept by good men and true,
 By none more wept, O Virgil, than by thee,
 Who, pious, for Quinctilius dost sue
 The gods ; but ah ! it may not be.

Not, tho' than Thracian Orpheus more bland,
 Thou struck'st the string that by the trees was heard,
 Would blood again in the vain image stand,
 Which Mercury, not oft deterred

By prayers from working out the will of fate,
 With horrid wand hath joined to his black crew : —
 'Tis hard ¹— but patience doth relax the weight
 Of what 'twere lawless to undo.

paraphrases which suggest the services that our writers of society verse can perform in rendering Horace accessible to English readers.

¹ Martin's rendition, "'Tis hard, great heavens, how hard," is a striking

LIB. I., CARM. XXX.

TO VENUS.

O Venus, Cnidian, Paphian Queen,
Spurn thy loved Cyprus — Glycera calls
Thee with much incense — 'mid her halls
Soon be thou seen.

And let thy fervid Boy with thee,
Graces unzoned, and Nymphs repair,
And Youth, without thee far from fair,
And Mercury.

LIB. I., CARM. XXXVIII.

TO HIS BOY.

I hate your Persian finery, boy,
Your linden-woven crowns annoy,
Cease searching for the spot where blows
The lingering rose.

To simple myrtle nothing add;
The myrtle misbecomes, my lad,
Nor thee nor me, who drink my wine
'Neath this thick vine.

LIB. III., CARM. IX.

TO LYDIA.¹

Whilst I was pleasing unto thee,
And round thy snowy neck no luckier youth
His arms was throwing — I, in sooth,
Happier than Persia's King was wont to be.

warning to the translator who, to fill his lines, suffers himself to forget that the diction of Horace is always that of a poet.

¹This ode was a favorite with Sir Robert Peel, as we learn from a letter

Whilst for no other thou did'st burn
 Fiercer, and Chloë after Lydia came,
 Then was I, Lydia, of a fame
 Greater than Roman Ilia's in my turn.

 To me doth Thracian Chloë give
 Laws now, in cither skilled and harmony,
 For whom I shall not fear to die,
 If only fate allow her soul to live.

 Of Thurian Ornytus the son,
 Calais, now doth with the torch we share,
 Burn me — for whom I twice could bear
 To die, if fate would let the boy live on.

 What if the former love once more
 Return and yoke the lovers parted wide,
 If Chloë, yellow-haired, be cast aside,
 And open stand for Lydia the door?

 Tho' never star so fair as he,
 Thou lighter much than cork and far less mild
 Than Adriatic billows wild,
 I'd like to live, I'd like to die with thee.

LIB. III., CARM. XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA.

O fount of Bandusia, than crystal more clear,
 Worthy of honey-sweet, flower-crowned wine,
 To-morrow thou'lt be given a young kid of mine,
 Whose forehead with first horns near,

quoted by Martin (II., 51) whose illustrations are delightful and often more valuable than his translations. The relations of English Prime Ministers to Horace would be a theme for a timely essay, especially since Mr. Gladstone's version of the Odes is about to issue from the press.

Budding, doth seem to predestine the shock
Of battles as well as sweet Venus¹ — in vain,
For with his red blood thy cold streams he will stain,
This scion of gamesome flock.

The dog-star's fell season that burns doth not know
How to touch thee, for thou thy cold gifts dost not spare
To offer to oxen weighed down by the share,
And cattle that wandering go.

Among noble fountains thou also shalt shine,
I singing the ilex that rooted doth grow
From the cavernous rocks whence downward flow
Those chattering waves of thine.

LIB. IV., CARM. XIII.

TO TORQUATUS.

Fled are the snows and already return to the meadows the
grasses,
Also the tresses to trees ;
Earth doth her changes renew and the fast waning rivers
and streamlets
Follow their limiting banks ;
Dareth already, the Grace, with the Nymphs and her
comely twin sisters,
Naked the chorus to lead.
Lest thou should'st hope the immortal, the swift year warns
and the hour that
Snatches the nourishing day.
Cold is made mild by the zephyrs and summer displaces the
spring-time,

¹These lines serve to emphasize what I have said above with reference to the "packing" to which the use of English anapæsts and dactyls almost invariably leads.

Destined to perish when once
 Autumn, the fertile and fruitful, has cast down its treasures,—and shortly
 Winter inert cometh back.
 Swift moons, nevertheless, can repair their celestial losses ;
 We, whensoever we go
 Whither Æneas, the pious, and Tullus and Ancus descended,
 Are but as dust and a shade.
 Who knows whether the gods, the eternal, will add a to-morrow
 Unto the sum of to-day?
 All thou hast given thy spirit, as tho' to a friend, shall
 avail thee,
 Fleeing thy heir's eager hands.¹
 When thou art perished and Minos concerning thee once
 hath decided,
 Casting his judgments august,
 Not to thy race, O Torquatus, nor eloquence look to restore
 thee,
 Nor to thy piety great ;
 Even Diana herself is weak to release from infernal
 Darkness Hippolytus chaste,
 Neither is Theseus strong to relax for his dear Pirithous,
 Lethe's imprisoning chains.

W. P. TRENT.

¹ Connington's

" You rescue from your heir whate'er you give
 The self you love."

though far from literal or poetic has the advantage of lucidity over my own version and that of Martin, whose "friendly soul" might mean any third person, hardly in the poet's mind.